

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Priesthood

As breaks the day o'er sun-kissed eastern hills,
A new-found joy my raptured spirit thrills,—

My God lies in my hands.

Within my heart a song seraphic rings,
And borne aloft on prayer's ecstatic wings
I burst my spirit's bands.

O Sacred Heart, how shall I fitting praise
Thy bounty sweet which loving deigned to raise
A priest from lowly clod!
In vain for words my bursting heart doth sigh;
O'erwhelmed with joy, like Thomas I but cry:
My Saviour and my God.

O Saving Host, become my daily Bread,
In thee I live to all earth's riches dead;
I'll count them nought but dross.
'Mid all life's storms, as in Thy sunshine fair,
I'll trust in Thee, nor glory save to bear
The burden of Thy Cross.

J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

THE BAZAAR

C. D. McENNERY, C. Ss. R.

Seasons may come and seasons may go, flowers spring up and bloom and die, but bills will keep on coming in, taxes falling due, and loans maturing. And so when the coffers of St. Mary's Church came so near running dry that he had to scrape the bottom every time he paid the ice man, Father Timothy Casey yielded to the inevitable and, with fear and trembling, launched upon that turbulent sea—a Parish Bazaar.

It meant that the "Old Guard" would once more turn out, cheery, alert, resourceful, to do all the drudgery. Mrs. Riordan would blarney surly grocers out of hams and potatoes; Mrs. Schweitzer, her sleeves rolled to the elbows and beads of perspiration on her honest face, would superintend the kitchen; little Nellie Breen would come in naturally as official dishwasher; and Clem Goestouwers would put in his ten hours daily at the ticket window. All that was a matter of course. But what surprised Father Casey was that Mrs. Welsington Dawes and Miss Gwendolin Shivers called on him and said:

"Rev. Father, we come to proffer our services for the bazaar. We really feel that we have been remiss in furthering parish activities. We are well aware that the work will make demands on our strength to which we are unaccustomed, but we gladly offer the sacrifice for the good of religion. Our sole motive is the glory of God."

Their visit meant an added problem for the good priest. How could he use them? What would they be able to do? Who would fit in with them? Foolish man! Why this vain solicitude! Even before they volunteered, the ladies in question had fully decided upon the only capacity in which they would serve—the "Fancy Booth," "modeled," they said, "after the Blue Room in the White House at Washington. It would exert an uplifting influence on these prosaic people to have before their eyes an object lesson in true art."

We pass over in silence the main features of the "Grand Bazaar", the laborious preparation, the enthusiasm, the anxieties, the hopes, the disappointments, the five nights it rained and the two it didn't, the team work and the rivalries, the edifying examples of generosity and self-effacement, the spats and the jealousies and the delicate questions of overlapping jurisdiction. We pass all that—the object of this homely

narrative is solely to record a conversation which took place during the memorable event.

TIME. *The last night of the bazaar.* PLACE. *The Blue Room, alias, the Fancy Booth.* PERSONS. *Mrs. Welsington Dawes and Miss Gwendolin Shivers.*

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. My dear, just take a look at Mrs. O'Brien in the Country Store.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Such a coarse creature! Her face is as red as the tomatoes she is tumbling into that bag. Why she is actually perspiring! Well, did you ever! That's one of her youngsters sitting on the canned peaches! She has ten more. I wonder if she counts noses every night before she turns out the gas.

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. Do you know how much her booth has made?

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. No, how much? Oh look! There's that Weaver girl with the same young man again tonight. I just heard—this is in the strictest confidence, you know—that he has a wife in the East.

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. Really! How did you learn that?

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Why, Mrs. Bantling heard it from Mrs. Downs. She told Regina Glover, and Regina told me.

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. Shocking, isn't it?

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Shocking! But I am not surprised. She is such a flip young thing.

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. I must tell Mrs. Brent. You know the Brents have no use for the Weavers.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Be sure to caution her not to breathe it to a soul. Oh, how much did you say they made at the Country Store? I'm sure they fuss enough. Mrs. O'Brien reaches out for the bills as if she thought she were getting in the wash.

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. Seventeen hundred and twenty dollars!

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. You mean they took in that much?

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. No; they cleared that much. You know almost everything they take in is clear. They had card parties and things like that to raise funds to stock their booth, and then they went all over the city begging stuff for it. They wanted us to do the same. I should like to see myself going about begging for a bazaar!

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. I too! I think we do enough by taking care of this booth; the parish can well afford to stock it for us.

MRS. WELSLINGTON DAWES. Keeping a booth among these coarse people is distasteful enough. They have no appreciation of real art. Why, I don't believe they have bought enough from us to pay our expenses. I'm sorry we ever volunteered.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. So am I. They say there were some nice people from the North Side here earlier in the evening. Too bad you weren't here in time, dear. You surely would have made a good sale.

MRS. WELSLINGTON DAWES. Why, my dear, that was impossible! You know I told you I would have an engagement with my dressmaker and couldn't come till late.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Now isn't that provoking! Do you know, I forgot all about your saying that, or I might have tried to come a little earlier—though I did not feel very keen about coming to this poky old place. Well, we are not dry goods clerks: we can't spend all our time here. The president of the Altar Society pretended to remonstrate with me for not having our booth open. I cut her off pretty quick, I can assure you. Listen to that horrid thing in the next booth. One would think she were a professional auctioneer. No wonder the people don't come to us!

MRS. WELSLINGTON DAWES. My ear drums are cracked with her screeching. I suppose they expect us to adopt the same methods to sell our wares!

A PASSERBY. Excuse me, ladies; there is a little customer looking for you in front of your booth.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. You go, my dear, and see what she wants.

MRS. WELSLINGTON DAWES. Oh, you go, please, dear. I am completely fagged out. (*Aside.*) Just like her! She always tries to throw the work on somebody else. She thinks the only purpose of this booth is to serve as a picture frame for a study in still life of Miss Gwendolin Shivers. *Still life!* Ha ha.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS (*Moving languidly to front of booth*). What do you want?

LITTLE GIRL. (*Waving a ten cent piece*). Dimesworthacandy.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. No candy here. Are you blind? Can't you see? This is the Fancy Booth.

LITTLE GIRL. Where's tha candy at?

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. I'm sure I don't know, child. This is not the information bureau. (*Wheels haughtily and returns to rear of booth.*)

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. I have been watching that girl selling chances on the automobile. Isn't she a fright?

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. That fat thing with the horrid red hat?

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. No; that long bean pole with the ill-fitting black dress. Look at her skirt.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. And her collar! Such sleeves! I suppose she does her own sewing.

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. Such a scarecrow! And her boldness! I honestly believe she has approached every man in the house and asked him to buy a chance.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. I suppose she is mighty glad to have this opportunity. It is the only way she can ever get a man to talk to her. You know that man that's writing his name in her book?

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. No, who is he?

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. He is the lawyer that was keeping company with the Doolin girl. There's a story about that. He found her out and broke off the engagement. Oh, look; another man is taking a chance. He must have taken several. He gave her a bill and didn't get any change back. Did you take a chance on that automobile, dear?

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. I should say not! I think I am doing more than enough for them by working in this booth, without financing their whole bazaar!

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. You are perfectly right, dear. (*Aside.*) The stingy thing! I don't believe she spent five cents all week.

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. See the crowd around that booth in the corner.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Little wonder! That is the first booth the people see when they come in.

MRS. WELSINGTON DAWES. Yes; I wanted to get that location for

our booth, but that designing Mrs. Chandler pulled wires until she got it for herself. The most dishonorable trickery! And what do you think! She still pretends to be my friend! This morning when I met her on the street, she smiled a forced smile and said: "Good morning, good morning, Mrs. Welsington Dawes." I gave her an icy glance and passed without a word. I'll warrant that fixed her, the hypocrite!

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Such are the thanks we get for trying to help these people. We might have expected this before ever we offered our services. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. These people are jealous of us; that's what's the matter with them!

MRS. WELINGTON DAWES. Jealous, that's it! You would think there would be a little charity among people who pretend to be working for the church. They don't even know the meaning of the word, charity. Little they care for the church! They simply take advantage of this opportunity to forward their own ambitions!

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. I am sorry we ever offered to work. If this were not the last night of the bazaar, I should go right straight to Father Casey and say: I resign. Appoint somebody else to take my place in the Fancy Booth. I came here expecting peace and harmony, and I simply cannot work with such disagreeable people.

MRS. WELINGTON DAWES. 'Twould serve him right! He doesn't appreciate what we are doing for him. Last night he asked me how much was the net profit from the Fancy Booth. Downright sarcasm! He knows very well that these crude people have no artistic sense and that they will not patronize us. I shouldn't wonder but that's the reason he shouldered the Fancy Booth on us.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Do you know, I question whether he has any appreciation of art himself. He spends more time at that disreputable looking Country Store than he does here. Upon my word, if he isn't coming here now! Is my hat on straight?

FATHER CASEY. Good evening, ladies. How is the Fancy Booth tonight.

MISS GWENDOLIN SHIVERS. Just lovely, Father Casey. Much better than we had anticipated. The good people are so appreciative!

FATHER CASEY. I am glad you are pleased. I feared you might find it trying, for, in spite of the best of good will, little annoyances and misunderstandings will unavoidably occur during a church bazaar.

MRS. WELINGTON DAWES. I am happy to say we did not notice

anything of that kind,—everybody has been so sweet. And even if there had been difficulties we should feel that they would only increase our merit. Our sole motive in doing this work is the glory of God.

NATIVE INDIAN ELOQUENCE

In an old issue of the *Indian Sentinel*, we find the following description of a priest:

"There is a mountain in this vicinity known by every Cheyenne. The mountain is high and strong and many years old. Our forefathers knew him as well as we do. When children, we went out hunting and cared not whether we knew the way. When men, we went out to meet our foes, no matter where they came from. Though the way ran up high or down low, our hearts trembled not on account of the road, because that mountain was ever a safe guide to us and never failed us. When far away, on seeing him, our hearts leaped for joy, because the mountain was the beacon which told us that our home came nearer.

"In summer, the thunder shook him from head to foot and the fire burned holes in his sides. But the noise passed soon away and the mountain stood there. In winter, the storms rushed round him to bury him out of our sight and covered him with layer upon layer of snow; with difficulty could we distinguish him from the rest. Only his height told us he was our mountain. But during the spring all the snow disappeared and the mountain, clothed with green grass, stood before us as of yore and the trees upon him stood firmer.

"This mountain is the priest of God. White and Indian speak evil of him; they want to estrange him from our hearts; but we know that he has but one word and that his heart is as firm as a rock. He comes to instruct us, and, what the mountain is in our journey, that is his word.

"He is the mountain that leads us to God."

Of truth, those are rare natures which know how to suffer gracefully, and in whose endurance there is a natural beauty which stimulates and sometimes even seems to surpass what is supernatural.

* * * With the Christian, kind suffering must be almost wholly supernatural.—*Faber.*

Do A Favor

St. Luke I, 39-56.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

Our daily life seems to bristle with thorns and thistles. We moan and sob about it and all the while we lazily allow the thorn-bush to thrive. How often our very tears seem to be the very moisture that waters the plant of pain and of anguish. The more we weep, the more bitterly do we wince under the smart of life's brambles.

Would that our moaning and sobbing were simply and only in vain! Often times they make us testy, peevish, sulky, moody, cross. See how the thorns begin to multiply. A single sting pricks us. And lo! In every direction do we dart forth stinging nettles, burning thorns, poison-tipped needles.

Where then is the cure? Pull up the thorn-bush and you will only rend and tear your hands. Strike a match and start a fire and see how quickly the hideous thorn-bush will disappear! Yes, here is the cure: the fire of charity! Listen attentively to the Gospel which is read on the feast of the Visitation and you will find a happy illustration of this. Little favors are the sparks of heavenly fire that will consume the ugly thorns that fret our hours of earthly life. Now notice how Our Blessed Mother could do little favors.

WILLINGLY AND CHEERFULLY

"And Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill-country with haste, into a city of Juda."

1) It was not easy for her! We all admit the charm that glances from little favors. We ourselves can speak glibly and enthusiastically about them when we try to coax others along this path. But when our own turn comes to be up and doing,—that is quite another matter! Then we begin to balance the costs, to weigh the difficulties, to measure the effort. Yes, we even waver, and soon cast our good resolution to the winds.

Not so with Mary. It was a long journey: about one hundred miles by the road. It was a journey that led her through long stretches of rough country, with many a hill to climb. It was a journey devoid of all the comforts that our modern methods of travel have invented; it was studded with all the inconveniences of slow progress,

of poor shelter, of dust and wind and burning sun. All this, however, counted for nothing. She knew it well enough, yet rising up, she went.

2) Cheerfully she set out on her errand of kindness: for she went "*in haste*". This little word should arrest our attention and give us pause. It seems to bring out most forcibly the spirit of willing devotion that animated her.

Abraham is highly praised in Holy Writ. The same trait of alacrity and readiness is also dwelt upon. One day three strangers came to him in his tent at Mambre. He proceeds to show them hospitality. "Abraham made haste into the tent of Sara, and said to her: Make haste, temper together three measures of flour, and make cakes upon the hearth. And he himself ran to the herd and took from thence a calf very tender and very good, and gave it to a young man who made haste and boiled it." (Genesis, XVIII, 6-7.) Then he served them at their meal. Notice the frequent reference to making haste, running about their work. Abraham himself is quick and alert; his wife and servant are stirred by him to briskness and despatch. Such swiftness accentuates his charity. Favors done slowly, grudgingly, lose all their sweet flavor and become almost disgusting.

Zacheus was commended by Our Lord: "This day is salvation come to this house; because he also is a son of Abraham." Then we need not be surprised when we notice all the traces of alacrity and swiftness in his devotion to Our Lord. He hears that Jesus will pass by a certain road, "and running before, he climbed into a sycamore tree, that he might see him . . . And when Jesus was come to the place, looking up he saw him, and said to him: Zacheus, make haste and come down . . . And he made haste and came down and received him with joy." (St. Luke XIX, 4-6.) Yes, Our Lord could almost feel the joy with which he was received, as he observed all this haste on the part of Zacheus.

The motives for her haste may be gleamed from the words of the angel Gabriel: "And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren." (St. Luke I, 36.) The principal motives here intimated are love for God and love for her neighbor. Her ardent love for God sensed an expression of His pleasure in the very fact that the angel stated the case and offered her an opportunity to be of service. Without hesitation, without awaiting a peremptory order she

went "in haste". Her genuine charity for others was roused at once, as soon as she learned of another's need. Without waiting to be coaxed and petitioned she went "in haste".

Both points afford us new grounds for *confidence* in her intercession. In heaven now she sees her God face to face; and in God she beholds our needs and wants. In heaven now the angels are glad to communicate to her our necessities and miseries. Be sure, she will hasten to our help.

GRACEFULLY AND EFFECTIVELY.

Gracefully. 1) *Humility* is ever lovely; and is Our Lady's inseparable companion. The archangel Gabriel has just proclaimed her the mother of God. And while this greeting is yet ringing in her ears, she has already made up her mind to visit her cousin and serve her.

2) *Humility* linked with profoundest *reverence*. Moses has voiced the common sentiment of the human race when he said: "Rise up before the hoary head, and honor the person of the aged." (Leviticus XIX, 32.) It is a scene to make an angel shudder when a Catholic girl allows herself to be dragged about to all sorts of tainted amusements by a so-called "boy-friend". Earth can hardly present a more enchanting picture than that of a young girl lovingly devoted to an aged parent. No matter how simple her dress; everyone can understand this evidence of purity, innocence and loyalty. Surely St. Elizabeth was delighted at sight of Our Lady coming to greet her!

3) *Sympathy* touches the sweetest chords in the human heart. Genuine sympathy is the outflow of true love; it elicits love, it diffuses love around. It is the old principle announced by St. Paul: "Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep." (Romans XII, 15.) It is the motto of generous unselfishness. Often when we are delighted, we are so absorbed in our joy as to become insensible to the feelings of those around. When we are struck with grief, we retire within the hard shell of dismal sulkiness. Though Mary was now overwhelmed with her own joy at being the Mother of the long expected Redeemer, yet her love for others asserted itself and she remembered the long years of Elizabeth's childlessness, she grasped the happiness of her who was now become the mother of the Redeemer's Forerunner, and she hastened to offer her sympathy.

Effectively. 1) *In words.* "And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth." In days of old, Jethro came to visit

Moses in the desert, "Kissed him, and they saluted one another with words of peace . . . And Jethro rejoiced for all the good things that the Lord had done to Israel." (Exodus XVIII, 5-12.) In the Book of Tobias we meet the delightful scene in which "the kinsmen of Tobias came, rejoicing for Tobias, and congratulating with him for all the good things that God had done for him." (Tobias XI, 20.) A still more splendid visit of congratulation is pictured for us in the Book of Judith. "And Joakim the high-priest came from Jerusalem to Bethulia with all his ancients to see Judith. And when she was come out to him, they all blessed her with one voice saying: Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people . . . And all the people rejoiced, with the women, and virgins, and young men, playing on instruments and harps." (Judith XV, 9-15.) Far more magnificent was the salutation tendered to Elizabeth. Only one person came to her, a fair and youthful maiden. But that maiden was the Mother of God! Unseen there hovered around her hosts of angels playing on heavenly harps and singing the love of our Savior.

2) *Indeeds.* "And it came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb, and Elizabeth with filled with the Holy Ghost." Here we see the effect of kind words. They naturally cheer, comfort, soothe. God loves to co-operate with them and often adds a wondrous touch of grace to our efforts. The power of Mary's words, however, is amazing. She has merely pronounced the first words of salutation and behold, how everything around her is tingling with the power of God.

CHILD AND MOTHER.

a) *The child* that leaped for joy was none other than St. John the Baptist. The angel had already explained the meaning of all this to his father Zachary: "Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John; and thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice in his nativity. For he shall be great before the Lord, and shall drink no wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb." Thus far the infant shared the common lot of all children of men, lay under the blight of original sin, in Satan's power. But at the mere sound of Mary's voice, Satan's power was crushed. As once the walls of Jericho

fell at the sound of Israel's trumpets, as once the evil spirit was banished from the soul of Saul, as once the idol Dagan was shattered into fragments at the approach of the Ark of God, so now the might of Satan is broken, and the soul of St. John was wrested from his grasp. Indeed the power of Mary's word is wondrous, stupendous. And more. St. John was sanctified by grace. And what were the enormous proportions of that grace that now flooded his soul at the sound of Mary's voice?

Let the angel explain: "And he shall convert many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, that he may turn the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people." (St. Luke I, 13-17.) It is clear. All the vast forces of graces needed to fit the Forerunner of the Savior for his fundamental grace, were now lavished upon him. As Mary has given us our Savior, so she also equipped him whose voice was to herald and proclaim the advent of the Redeemer. Truly St. John was the voice of one crying in the wilderness and the echoes of his voice even attested the power of Mary, for its strength was due to the grace that filled his soul at her approach.

b) The *mother* too was filled with the Holy Ghost. Her own words may serve, in a way, as tape-line or sounding-lead to measure the ocean of grace that now surged in her soul.

Grace came to her with an escort of attendant virtues: "And she cried out with a loud voice, and said: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" Can anyone miss the clearness and solidity of faith that pulses in these words? The Lord, Jehova, was with her, and the Mother of God was here; she believed this, and she proclaimed her faith in a loud voice that all who cared might hear it. Is it possible to overlook the humility that trembled in awe and reverence at the thought of her God so close, of the Lord who could descend to visit her in her lowly home? Will anyone fail to observe the warmth of love that throbs in every word? Her love for Mary bursts from her lips in the Blessing so fervently invoked. Her love for God is sounded not only in the Blessing, but also in the simple phrase by

which she calls Him: her Lord. That tiny phrase conveys a note of fond affection, of intimate clinging to Him.

Even *extraordinary graces* were showered upon her. "And blessed art thou that hast believed; because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." There was a revelation of Mysteries made to her: for how else could the fact of Our Savior's coming be known to her? A knowledge of secret and hidden things was given her: for how else could she penetrate the innermost depths of Our Lady's soul and read there the facts of her implicit and heroic faith? A prophetic insight into the events of the future was unfolded to her view: how else could she speak with such unfaltering assurance of the accomplishment still to come?

AND WE.

Truly, the feast of the Visitation *should be dear* to every Catholic family. It is a home-feast. It teaches us how to do little favors in kindly words and effective service. It impresses the lesson we oft forget: that we should try to become a source of happiness and joy to those around us. It is still more a feast of the Church. For in the picture it presents to our view the grand, majestic figure looms boldly and magnificently into prominence. We see her here as the Channel of all graces. It is a picture painted in the colors of inspired Truth; a picture whose life and warmth comes direct from the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Love Divine.

It is impossible for me to become great, so I must bear with myself and my many imperfections, but I will seek out a means of reaching Heaven by a new way—very short, very straight and entirely new. We live in an age of inventions: there are now lifts which save us the trouble of climbing stairs. I will try to find a lift by which I may be raised unto God, for I am too small to climb the steep stairway of perfection. * * * Jesus, Thy arms, are the lift which must raise me even unto Heaven.—*Bl. Soeur Therese.*

Very few people know how to praise, and fewer still, how to take it.—*Faber.*

Many persons, whose manners will stand the test of speaking, break down under the trial of listening.—*Faber.*

Looking Up

THE MYSTERY OF THE CORNER COT

T. Z. AUSTIN, C. Ss. R.

The mysteries of a hospital are many. One can easily imagine it when one considers the numbers of patients lying there with their various ailments and ills,—people of every age and sex and walk in life.

During the days of the American Expedition in Mexico there was a government Hospital in one of our southern cities, directed by a commission of men and women, who with one exception were all non-Catholics. The one exception was Miss Scallen, who had a position in the office. One day, as she was hurrying through the corridor, a nurse ran after her and called her.

"For God's sake," she said with evident excitement, "Miss Scallen, come and speak to the woman in the corner cot of my ward."

"Why, what's the matter?" said the young lady addressed, turning around to face the nurse. "You look terribly worried."

"Please, Miss Scallen," appealed the nurse, "do come. You'll see!"

Miss Scallen, wondering what could have happened to cause the nurse such trouble, followed her into the ward and sat down by the side of the cot pointed out to her. The nurse bowed herself out with unmistakeable satisfaction. There before her lay a woman who had evidently once been very beautiful. All the lines were not yet obliterated. But now a vicious scar marred her cheek: it was the result of a wound come by only God knows how. On her face, discernable even to a casual observer were the traces of a low and loose life. The resulting impression was puzzling.

As Miss Scallen approached, the patient sat up on her cot, and at once her eyes and her whole bearing revealed an indescribable something that seemed to defy all the disfigurement of sin and told that this woman must have had an interesting and tragic story.

"How do you do, Miss Scallen," she said, apparently pleased by the call and taking it as something expected. "You seem to be surprised that I know your name." Miss Scallen really was surprised.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "It has taken me aback. I do not remember ever having met you. What is your name, may I ask?"

"Have you any news of the troops in Mexico?" asked the sick woman, parrying the question.

"What makes you so interested in the movements of the troops in Mexico?" queried Miss Scallen in her turn.

"You have a brother there by the name of Jim, haven't you?" asked the patient, with the semblance of a smile around her lips. Miss Scallen could not help smiling at the way she pursued her own thoughts without the least apparent attention to the questions put to her.

"Why, yes," she said. "I have. He had just been married and was on his honeymoon, when news came that the country had decided to send an expedition into Mexico and his regiment was called. He had to leave his young wife and march off with the troops."

"Did you see this?" asked the woman, to whom all these details appeared to be well known, as she picked up a newspaper from the heap on the table and held it up before Miss Scallen.

"No, what is it?" asked she, glancing at the article pointed out to her. "Why," she ejaculated, "well,—this is news to me!" It was a newspaper article about her brother.

"Do you know," the patient went on, as she sank back up the pillows, while a troubled light came into her eyes, "that name Jim calls up fond and yet bitter, bitter recollections to my mind."

"What do you mean?" asked her caller hesitatingly, for she did not wish to appear to be prying into the woman's secrets.

"Do you remember the name of Hershall?"

"You mean the Hershalls of Hershall place?" asked her caller, as she thought of the beautiful manor and the parks of that old family seat, reckoned the most magnificent home in that section. "I certainly do."

"Well," the patient continued, turning a searching look upon the young lady, "I am one of the girls. I longed for popularity and I sought it at every cost. I dressed accordingly. I threw modesty to the winds, and young men were ready to meet me. Our home was frequented by men of the first families,—wealthy and idle. I was in the glory of my sinful life when I fell in love with one of my men companions,—Jim was his name. He belonged to one of the wealthiest families in town. From that time on I lived for him alone. Can you imagine my shock when I saw in the papers one day the announcement of his

engagement to one of the heiresses of the place? It made me wild,—wild as only a sinful but loving woman can be. He had the effrontery to come to bid me goodbye. I did not let him into the house; if I had, I would have killed him, such was the rage of my shattered love.

"His affair with me was publicly known and this turn of things set every foolish tongue in town awagging. Many a one asked: 'What will she do on the wedding day?' What would I do? I remained away. But from that day on, my only prayer was a prayer of hate and revenge,—a prayer, that if there should be any child from that marriage, it should die.

"There was a child,—they say it was a beautiful child . . . ha! ha" she laughed bitterly. "It died! I rejoiced with my whole being . . . But, it did not bring me happiness. Deeper and deeper I sank into the sinful ways of the lowest life. I cared for nothing. I threw my life away and my honor with it; what had I to live for. No crime too great for me,—no deed too low; there was no high or low for me."

"My dear woman . . . friend," said Miss Scallen, laying her hand on the other woman's arm as if to check her. "You had better stop. You are trembling with excitement now. It might harm you to give yourself to such violent emotions now."

"Harm me?" repeated the patient bitterly; "I can no longer be harmed. Tomorrow I leave this place . . . "

"Tomorrow?" Miss Scallen asked. "Impossible, in your condition."

"Yes, I know I have cancer of the stomach and I know there is no hope for me. Yet, tomorrow I leave. But never think that I intend to linger on in this suffering. Why, I am suffering the thirst of the damned; and if I take but one drop of water it only increases my agony. No, I am not going to bear this any longer."

"Do you mean to say," broke in Miss Scallen horrified, "that you mean . . . " The patient put up her hand to command silence. She was perfectly calm now.

"Do not fear," she said with strange coolness; "I shall cause no commotion. I might be foiled in my purpose. - I know better than that. A little pill,—and then a quiet goodbye to all.

For a moment Miss Scallen shrank back from the woman in horror. Then impulsively laying her hand on the woman's arm, she exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid to meet your God in that way?"

"God?" queried the woman, her eyes hardening; "what does God care for me?"

Was it piety, was it inspiration,—something seemed to master the hitherto hesitating Miss Scallen at that moment. It made her voice tremble with unwonted eloquence.

"Look here," she said, taking the patient's hands in hers, "I, a young woman listened patiently to you while you told me the details of your life of crime and shame. Now you must listen to me. If there ever was a creature that should be convinced that God is thinking of it, that creature is yourself. What prevented God from allowing you to be killed in anyone of those crimes which you have just related to me? He thought sufficiently of you to preserve you. You were the occasion of bringing many men to sin and to sin more deeply, and yet, now that you are stricken with this terrible sickness, He has you brought to this hospital, where the priest of God passes your bed every morning with the Blessed Sacrament. Does He not care for you? Among the members of this commission to which I belong, God inspires your nurse to call me, a Catholic. Is this not God's watchful care? Instead of being a coward and taking your life to escape a little pain, you ought to make up your mind to bear thankfully every pang of this dread disease, brought on perhaps by your own sinful life, to make satisfaction to God for your misdeeds."

The sick woman cowered down in her bed, and turned partly toward the wall. She was silent. At last her frame shook with some deep emotion. A tear glistened in her eye as she turned to Miss Scallen.

"Will God forgive?" she asked, and her whole soul seemed to be in the question.

"A woman of your education to ask such a question!" replied the young woman.

"Do you not know there is pardon for every sin provided the sinner repents? More than that, do you not know that 'there is joy in heaven over one sinner doing penance more than over ninety-nine just who need not penance'? No man could have said such a daring thing. Think of the Sisters in Hospitals and Asylums giving up wealth and all that it can bring, giving up the pleasures and enjoyments the world provides, giving up home and its sweet joys, giving up life and its prospects for one purpose only,—to serve God in their

unfortunate fellow-creatures! Imagine the sanctity in such a life carried from youth to the grave. And yet,—more joy in heaven over one sinner doing penance! Only a God with infinite love for human weakness could have said such a thing! Let me call the priest, Miss Hershall. He will bring peace and the pardon of God to your soul after a good confession."

"Do you mean I should tell all my life to the priest? How could I do it?"

"My God, woman, friend," answered Miss Scallen warmly, "You told all your sins to me, a stranger, a young lady who never heard such things in all her life. The priest holds God's place in the confessional; that is his work."

The patient looked into the eyes of the girl at her bedside. The flame of faith seemed to leap from one heart to the other. And with her eyes rather than with her lips, she implored the girl to bring the priest. She grasped the girl's hand and pressed it. Miss Scallen understood.

Soon the priest was at her side. Amid signs of extraordinary contrition her confession was made and in the morning Our Lord walked through the wards of the Hospital, as in days of yore, to find His sheep that was lost. With face radiant with joy, she received Holy Communion.

That day she left the Hospital, but not with the intention she had first formed. She was a changed being. All bitterness, all despair was gone. In its stead had come the settled resolve to welcome every pang and agony which the dread disease might bring and to bear all in a spirit of penance and thankfulness to God for giving her this opportunity to retrieve the past.

"I shall come back," she said to Miss Scallen as she said goodbye.

* * *

Week after week passed. She did not return, yet Miss Scallen trusted. The nurses who were ignorant of the mystery which surrounded the woman, for she had been going under an assumed name, but who knew of her despair and her first intention, twitted her on her credulity.

"You are too soft-hearted," they said. "We know that kind. She won't come back, take it from us; she'll carry out her resolve and we'll read about it in the paper,—probably she'll get a head-liner!"

The fourth week came and the case was no longer spoken of. Then one day Miss Scallen looked up from her work to see before her, her former patient.

"Miss Scallen," she began somewhat timidly, "did you think that I had broken my word?"

"No," she replied; "not for a moment. I trusted you implicitly."

"Thank you," continued the visitor, "thank you for your confidence in me. I have spent the time in closing up all my affairs. Now I have come back to do penance and to die."

"Miss Hershall," said the girl, pressing her hand, "your beautiful sentiments thrill me as much as your revelations first shocked me. I admire you."

"Don't" replied the woman. "I need put on no humility before you. I am a penitent; but I am happy."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Can you do anything for me?" questioned Miss Hershall in her turn. "After all you have done? I was deep in sin, in despair, about to go to my Judge with an awful sin on my soul and you lifted me up into the grace of God. Is there anything more that you could do for me?"

"Well, well," smiled Miss Scallen, "look here—you are already far beyond me. Your outlook on life and your valuation of things is so spiritual."

"Yes," replied the other, "life looks different from the horizontal."

Miss Scallen laughed.

"I mean," explained the woman, "when you're flat on your back and your face turned toward heaven, a strange light comes in from the other world that reveals things invisible in earth's twilight."

* * *

So she began her penance under the name she had assumed in her life of sin. None knew her secret. It was not long before the cancer did its work. Amidst the terrible pain that racked her day and night she was always patient and even cheerful. When she felt her end near, she called for Miss Scallen again:

"My dear friend," she said, "I am ready to go. All my affairs are so arranged that there will be no complications with the estate. You know my name, and you alone. Please, keep it secret; let me be buried under the name I bore lately during my life of sin. If my

people heard of my death in this place, they would come to take my body to give it honorable burial for the sake of the family name. But I wish to be buried in the potter's field, as a fit resting place for one who has sinned as I have. Please, continue to pray for me."

So she went to her God.

They say God is wonderful in His Saints. I cannot help thinking that He is more wonderful in His repentent sinners.

Sharpness, bitterness, sarcasm, acute observation, divination of motives,—all these things disappear when a man is earnestly conforming himself to the image of Christ Jesus.—*Faber*.

DO YOU EAT FISH?

"Why do you eat fish?" said a captain of dragoons at table to a priest.

"I'll tell you if you tell me why you wear red breeches."

"Because the commandment orders it."

"Well, we eat fish on Friday because the Church commands it."

"But isn't meat just as good on Friday as on any other day?"

"Certainly; but let me ask a question. Why do you sometimes shut a soldier in the lockup on bread and water?"

"That's a punishment."

"And to punish our evil inclinations the Church commands us to deprive ourselves of meat."

"That's all right," said the soldier, "but you can't deny that fasting is pretty tough work."

"Very possibly. But its hard work to carry a steel helmet like yours."

"Yes, but it defends my head from the enemy's blows."

"Well, in the same way fasting is painful, but it defends us from our worst enemies, the devil and the flesh."

The twenty-four hours are the same to everybody except the idle, and to the idle they are thirty-six, for weariness and dulness.—*Faber*.

I understand clearly that through love alone can we become pleasing to God, and my sole ambition is to acquire it.—*Bl. Soeur Therese*.

Let the Little Children Come Unto Me

EDUCATIONAL RIGHTS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

The Church has a right, given by Christ, to teach religion. She has a right in virtue of her very constitution as guardian of Christ's Gospel, to watch over all instruction and education. She has a right as representative of the parents and as authority in religion to see that nothing be taught subversive of religion, as she teaches it and as the parents hold it. I was talking this over with a salesman one day.

"Yes," said my friend, "so much your argument proves but you go a step further. Your church builds schools of its own and that for general instruction and education—not only in religion but in all branches. There is no reason for that. That is taken care of well enough by the national system of public schools."

"Just one moment. Look at these principles again. How can the church exercise surveillance over the teaching given in public schools? If a teacher in history there teaches that Luther did only what was right in breaking away from the Church, that the Middle Ages were dark ages or that the Church was entirely corrupt, that she was responsible for the excesses of the Inquisition and so on, how could she do anything to prevent it affectively? Or if a science teacher (so-called) taught evolution even of man as an established fact, what could the Church do to guard her children against such error or its consequences? Evidently nothing very effective. She might as well then deny her very being and render up her fundamental right. Therefore she must be allowed, in virtue of this right of hers, to build schools of her own.

"Again, in order to give real instruction in religion, she must have the power to build schools whose very atmosphere breathes religion; this even non-Catholics admit. I have referred to many such assertions before.

"Lastly, teaching is a profession, which anybody may enter, so long as rights of others are not infringed. Therefore the Church as well as anybody else can take a hand in it and build her own schools. And the Church more so than anybody else, because of her eminent fitness for it."

"Eminent fitness? Where does that come in?" asked he.

"Why it is evident, to anyone who even considers casually her possibilities. Look over the great body of her religious. Take the United States alone. She has approximately one hundred thousand Sisters and fully twenty thousand more asking admission into the various sisterhoods. All of these are educated women, women of character. She commands at least thirty thousand men religious—men of education and careful training in various brotherhoods, with some fifteen thousand applicants. Here are men and women who have given up every other aim in life. They might have been successful business men and women just as well as the brothers and sisters they left in the world. But they gave up every earthly prospect to keep themselves in readiness at the call of the Church, to take up the work of teaching. And not only to take it up, but to devote to it all their strength of body, the energies of their soul, the power of their character and personality, the wisdom of age-old experience, the influence of holiness and a self-sacrificing life, and the blessing from on high for that love of which Our Lord said: 'Greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friend.' They lay it down not in a quick death, but in a life of service and devotion."

"Yes, yes, that is all good; but isn't the Church injuring other rights by assuming the role of founder of schools?"

"Whose rights?" I asked.

"Why those of the State. Doesn't the very fact that she acknowledges a Pope who resides in a foreign land undermine their patriotism? It is impossible to build up Americans in such a school in which the flag hasn't its legitimate place of supremacy."

"My dear friend, I am sorry to see you abandon common sense for mere sentimentality. What do you mean by patriotism? What do you mean by supremacy of the flag? Why, go into any school room of a Catholic school and you will find the stars and stripes there and above that school beside the Cross flutters the flag. And they are proud of it. Patriotism? If the test of the pudding is the eating of it, then the test of the power of the Catholic School to inculcate patriotism should be the country's call to arms. Need I go back over the record of the past war?"

"No, no; I know that your young men went in far beyond the proposition due to Catholics. But—

"But what? Do you ask why aren't there more Catholics in the government, in the legislatures, in the presidency?"

"Well you might ask that, for instance."

"Indeed you might. But the answer is not quite so flattering for you. Catholics have been kept out—that is all. It is not a question of fitness—it is a question of bigotry on the part of the non-Catholic majority. Our Americans seem to be eminently fair when you meet them as private citizens. But let an Al Smith or someone be proposed for the Presidency and at once someone—not a working man either but some so-called educated and cultured man—with the vaunted broadness of our public schools and universities arises—the word is whispered: he is a Catholic—and down goes Al Smith. For shame!"

"Well perhaps we feel we are not safe. You Catholics are so clannish. You might pack our government with all Catholics."

"And blow up the country or call in the Pope with his army, eh?"

"Oh not that—I'm not so foolish as to believe you would do that—and I know that the Pope hasn't an army. I'm not a Watson nor a Menace reader nor a Ku Kluxer."

"Well—as for packing the government with Catholics, would it be any worse than your packing it with non-Catholics?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that."

"I suppose not. But, what are the facts? Catholics have held influential posts before this. Have they packed the government?"

"Not that I have ever heard. Perhaps that is another one of those old ghosts that long prejudice creates."

"Yes. It is a mere ghost of prejudice. In reality, there is no reason at all for the assertion, that the parochial school education is harmful to the child's patriotism. On the contrary. Just read the program of Catholic education as outlined in the Pastoral letter of the American Hierarchy in 1919. It says:

"Since the child is a member not only of the family but also of the larger social group, his education must prepare him to fulfill his obligations to society. The community has the right to insist that those who as members share in its benefits shall possess the necessary qualifications.

"The Catholic School, because of its emphasis upon religion as the animating motive of true citizenship, is one of the best agencies for training citizens. The Catholic school teaches justice, charity, fair

play, and obedience to proper authority. If these virtues are correlated with the civic life of the community, a powerful force for civic righteousness will be developed. The Catholic Church expects every citizen to do his duty as well as to maintain his right.'

"There is a program that can challenge any devised for our public schools. And what is more, that program is carried out."

"But," he argued with a shake of his head, "you must admit that the public school is a national institution intertwined with the very beginnings and foundations of our country."

"This is just another fable, repeated so often that finally it is believed. Enlightened men, however, know that it is a fable. The American school originally was not our present irreligious, colorless school. You cannot even celebrate the centenary of the public school as yet. It stands as a tax-supported system of education only since 1850. And long before it, Catholic schools and private schools of various kinds dotted the land. The public school was not an original American institution; it came in as a compromise chiefly for non-Catholics who would otherwise presumably not have taken due measures for the education of their children.

"That is certainly a new viewpoint for me," he admitted. But prejudice dies hard, and so he had further misgivings. "However," he continued, "you must admit that the public school is a national institution now, and doesn't the fact that you build your Catholic school system in opposition to this, create divisions in the country and foment factions?"

"At that rate, it would appear to me that the existence of different religions would foment factions or that competitive business establishments would create divisions in the country—or associations of employers and unions would create factions. Why there is no basis in fact or reason for such a conclusion. On the contrary, the existence of the Catholic school system alongside of,—not in opposition to,—the public school system provides a healthy competition which will be good for both systems."

"Yes, you remind me of a speech given by Mr. Claxton, the U. S. Commissioner of Education in which he made that contention. But why should you want to burden your people with the extra-burden of supporting their separate schools besides paying taxes for the public school?"

"My dear friend, thanks for your sympathy. But don't you see that that is not needed? It is simply an indictment against non-Catholics—who claim to have a spirit of fairmindedness and justice, and yet place such a burden on their Catholic fellow-citizens because they happen to be in the minority."

"What? You accuse us of unfairness?"

"Call it what you may. We are bearing our burden meekly enough, are we not? Give us at least that credit. You owe us in fact a public vote of thanks."

"How so?" he asked as a look of surprise and almost suspicion crossed his face.

"Why it is simple. Look here—do you know how many Catholic schools there are in the country and how many children are taught in them?"

"No, I haven't the slightest idea. But come to think of it, I see them everywhere. And there are some splendid buildings among them. And I know that they are just packed with children."

"You are right. I don't know the exact figures but there are thousands of Catholic schools in the country with nearly two million pupils. Now if you had to provide teachers for all these in your public schools, do you know what it would cost you annually on the basis of what you now pay for public schools in taxes? Just about 80 million dollars. And if you had to provide school buildings for them you could pay out another sum of \$143,653,840 or more. These little sums we Catholics save you. Don't you think we deserve a public vote of thanks?

"Well, anyway," he said, as he prepared to leave, "I don't know how it is, but I can't see yet why you can't send your children to the public school as well as I."

"Well, my dear friend, there are the facts and there are the reasons. You admit the force of them. What you do not seem to be able to do, is to lay aside prejudice. There isn't a shred of reason in favor of it. You cut off its worst shoots now and then. But the roots of it remain. Prejudice dies hard.

"Men are no gods; we tread the city dirt,
But in our souls we can be kings and queens."

—Masefield.

His Honor, The Halfback

CHAP. III. ROSES AND ROMANCE

J. W. BRENNAN, C. Ss. R.

Soft horizons dimly outlined against a cloudless, star-filled sky; the faint glow of will-o-the-wisp lights from cottages nestled among the trees along the shore; broken patches of silver from the low-hanging moon, scattered in careless profusion on a gently ruffled surface; the hazy, phantom outline of a late-going yacht slowly beating its way to its anchorage; Lake Wingra was the scene of a new idyll, a modern mid-summer night's dream.

"Positively, Mr. Gallagher?" A lusty baritone was booming from the darkness. The uneasy strumming of a Ukulele filled in an accompaniment.

"Absolutely, Mr. Shean!" rang the unfaltering response.

"Kelly,—" sounded the smooth, business-like voice of Ted Collins from the center of the canoe where he was stretched out prone in lazy comfort; "you are a good sport. You know football, how to give a fellow a good time, and a few incidentals like Math and History together with a harmless quantity of Latin; but when it comes to singing,—you're the original bird with the kink in —"

A sudden splash, the ripple of falling water, a gust of spluttering and coughing, testified to Kelly's adroitness in deftly lifting a paddle of water full in the face of the orator.

"Give him another for me," called Kennedy from the bow. Kelly obliged him at once.

"Uncouth roughnecks!" gruted the disgusted, water-soaked youth; a laugh that echoed over the water was the only immediate response.

"Positively, Mr. Gallagher?" queried the tuneful Kelly from the stern of the canoe.

"Absolutely, Mr. Shean!" answered Kennedy with emphasis.

This was the third week-end the three boys were spending at "Tralee" cottage, the Kelly summer-home on Lake Wingra. They had astonished the lake-side folk in no small degree by transporting their heavy football togs, emblems of strenuous activity, to this haven of rest and relaxation; but more so by their steadfast zeal in putting them to good use every Saturday without fail. There was an empty field

across the highway in back of Tralee cottage, and in that field, rain or shine, they punted and passed the ball till even the hypercritical Kelly was forced to admit that Ted's arm had a "kick" in it second only to that possessed by his sturdy right leg.

Although Kennedy was the captain of the team, Kelly somehow came to be regarded as the guiding genius of this experiment. Perhaps it was because of the fact that his father owned the place, cottage and all, which they were using. At any rate he directed, and Saturday was a busy day for the trio as a result. Early in the morning he would rout the others from their cots, start them on a trot down the road before the sun became too hot, then back for a cool plunge in the lake and breakfast. Mrs. Kelly was spending the summer at the cottage and thoroughly enjoyed having the three boys as her guests. One of her greatest maternal worries, the companionship of her son, had been removed; and in return she saw to it personally that the three never went hungry.

After breakfast, the morning would be spent in intensive practice over in the empty field, with another swim before lunch as a grand finale to that part of the work. In the afternoon, another workout and swim followed by supper and a leisurely canoe-trip to the town at the far end of the lake where all three would go to confession as a preparation for the morning. They were weekly communicants.

"You birds have killed the concert," grumbled Ted as he wiped the water from his precious Ukulele. "This thing's soaked."

"That reminds me of what Nero said," remarked Kennedy slowly, "about what the world lost when he stabbed himself in the middle of Rome."

"What was it, Jack?" asked Kelly as he swung the bow a little more toward shore.

"That the world didn't know what a musician it was losing; or words to that effect" There was a sudden commotion in the center of the canoe that drew a remonstrance from Kelly, who prepared to drop another paddleful on the recalcitrant.

"Lay off, Tom; don't drown our hero. Look; we're there." Kennedy waved his paddle toward the line of brilliantly illuminated cottages along the shore to their left.

There was no mistaking Tralee. It stood out among a cluster of cedars on the crest of a knoll that dropped swiftly to the water's edge.

From its wide veranda, a stone stairway led down to the pier, which could be easily distinguished in the reflected light from the house. Tom had painted the tops of the piles with a white band just to be able to locate the landing at night.

"It looks as though the gang's all there," remarked Tom.

"Yeah! With mirth and glee the world is filled—" began Ted in solemn tones.

"Unquenchable youth!" ejaculated Kennedy, as he slapped the water with the flat of his paddle and sent a shower of spray over the recumbent figure in the canoe. That worthy's open shirt-collar formed a convenient funnel into which the stream of water poured in generous quantity. While they were regaining the balance of the canoe after the exhibition of squirming occasioned by this unexpected shower, Kelly started to back-water strenuously.

"Hold'er, Jack," he called out; "back water. This is good,—or else I am blind." The canoe came to a stop in a little field of foam. "Look fellows; up there to the left, about six houses this side of Tralee. See that funny looking bungalow? Well, that looks like Charlie Redden standing in the doorway."

"Wonder when he got here," mused Ted, who in the new interest of the moment forgot about his impromptu bath. "If he saw us prancing around this morning and afternoon, we're in for it. He has copy galore for several editions of his yellow sheet."

"Well, I know for a fact that none was there this afternoon. They must have come this evening. And look at the crowd! By Jove, I think the whole family has come out; and there seems to be others there too!" Kennedy began to pat Ted's head in mock sympathy. "Lucky boy; the blue car with its fair rooters will be around in the morning in case we decide to practice a bit after Mass."

"Suffering wildcats! There's my sister!" ejaculated Ted, sitting upright in the canoe and thereby almost upsetting it. "Wonder what she's doing there. I didn't know she was coming to the lake."

"Does she generally ask your benign permission whenever she goes anywhere," asked Kelly. "Look again, perturbed brother, and thine eyes will rest on the winsome heroine of graduation evening, one person yclept Miss Julia Redden, who now stands in yonder doorway beside the before-mentioned sister. Mystery cleared and much fun was had by all. Let's go." They swung out to clear a point of land with a few dangerous rocks in its vicinity.

Later in the evening, after the rest of the Kelly family had come out from town, the entire party at Tralee went in swimming. At the last moment however, Tom decided to take the canoe and go for a ride. Ted saw him and called him and together they paddled slowly toward town.

The moon had disappeared, but the evening was clear. They could see many other canoes passing them on either side; the majority of them manned by two; at least two heads would be visible against the distant skyline—one invariably with a mass of bobbed hair, the other with hair slapped down with some preparation guaranteed to make any masculine head look like an ad for Arrow Collars. Once in a while, the sound of a portable victrola discoursing the latest and jazziest jazz disturbed the silence; again the muffled sounds of low voices would be carried to them over the water. Kelly noticed that his pal was gazing toward the Redden Domicile; and guessed his thoughts.

"Snap out of it, Ted. It's a dangerous game; and more than one of these care-free bobbed heads that we are passing is going to rue the cost of these evenings of pleasure with scalding tears; and many of these slick "hair-cuts" is going to get a little bitter sense under his scalp at the cost of an empty pocketbook, before this summer is over. This summer flirtation stuff is a dangerous game."

"Listen Tom;" was his friend's only response. Together they listened carefully. At first all they could hear was the soft rippling of the waves against the sides of their craft. Over the trees came the mournful hooting of an owl; far off sounded the heavy, harsh croaking of some frogs. Kelly was about to tease his friend when Ted turned his head.

"Tom, I hear Virginia's voice; sure as you are sitting there." They could now make out two voices in conversation. "But who is the other; I hear a man's voice."

"Your friend, Charlie himself," grunted Kelly grimly, "Maybe everything is all right; but it won't do any harm for us to meander around a little." Silently he slid his paddle into the water and without making a splash forced the canoe swiftly in the direction of the voices. There was no danger of being identified as canoes were passing constantly further out and distances were deceptive in the murky dusk caused by the heavily wooded shores.

They could see the canoe now, and Ted easily recognized his sister. Some man was in the canoe, and was moving about as though trying to change places.

"Look at that," muttered Tom. "They sure are born every day, and that's that. Easy Ted!" he admonished his friend who seemed straining in an effort to leap from the canoe.

From a distance of a few yards, they saw Charlie Redden take a step forward, then drop into the center of the canoe beside Virginia. She was evidently too frightened at the swaying of the frail craft to say anything. Then he put his arm around her neck.

"Mr. Redden, how dare you," she cried. "I don't care if others do it,—I am not that kind!" Something whirled through the air and caught her companion full in the face. Ted had seized a pillow, still wet from the earlier trip of the evening, and shot a perfect forward pass, straight into the face of the man he was slowly growing to hate.

Virginia screamed as the canoe careened dizzily; at the same time there was a splash as Kelly dropped over the side of his canoe, and began swimming.

"Take the canoe home, Ted; I'll manage this," he called as he forged ahead. But Ted thought it better to wait; at the same time he appreciated Kelly's tact in keeping Virginia ignorant of his proximity. Before the astonished Redden had regained his wits, Kelly had reached the canoe on Virginia's side.

"Take it easy, Miss Collins; this is Tom Kelly," he called to her. "Now you, you contemptible stiff, get back where you belong, and we'll proceed ashore." The swish of a paddle through the air answered him. He tried to go under water; but the paddle struck him a glancing blow on the shoulder. He tried to swim and at the same time push the canoe ahead of him; but another stroke of the paddle that landed dangerously close to his head, told him this procedure was hopeless.

"One more like that, Redden, and I am going to whistle for help. I am not alone."

"Whistle away, if you care to. I am not alone either, as you see." Kelly caught the implication and ground his teeth. "And I, that is to say, we, can wait here all night if need be."

"Well buddy, just take it from me, the longer you wait, the more thorough the trimming you are going to get. And when I get through,

you're going to carry away a lesson on cheap flirtation that will be impressed on you. Better start before my pals miss me and begin searching."

Redden tried to argue. Tom demanded that he get back to his place in the canoe. Redden did so finally, then tried to swing the canoe away from the grasp of the swimmer. Tom had expected that move and held tight to the bow while he tried to preserve his balance in the water. None of the three spoke. Virginia was too angry and at the same time frightened. A light breeze was beginning to whip up the waves. Redden in the stern and Tom at the bow were busy thinking. Tom realized his quandary and blindly hoped that something would turn up in the next few minutes to relieve the situation. Suddenly Virginia discovered the end of the rope used in tying up the canoe and tossed it across Tom's hand. He seized it. At the same time, he discovered that the breeze had blown them in toward shore and that he could reach bottom.

A few more yards and he would be able to walk comfortably. He rested floating beside the canoe for a few minutes, at the same time keeping a careful eye on the paddle in the stern. In the stillness, his ear close to the water, heard the gentle strokes of another paddle not far away. "Ted's on the job," he thought. "Now, I should worry."

When Tom took the rope, Redden felt the canoe was relieved of the extra weight and tried to swing out into deeper water. He intended to approach the front of their cottage so that Tom would be forced either to let go or run the gauntlet of curious questions on shore. But Kelly made use of the little grip his feet could get on the bottom and began to draw the canoe toward shore, so that they would land well out of range of the cottage lights.

When he finally reached shallow water, he jerked the canoe well out on the shore and held it steady while the girl leaped ashore, then pushed it back quickly till it was in three feet or so of water.

"Now beat it, Miss Collins. You can tell the rest that Mr. Redden met a friend at the shore and was detained a while." She paused to say something, but his tone forbade conversation. She turned and hurried toward the cottage.

"Now come out of it, and take your medicine"—this to Redden. With a vigorous jerk, Kelly almost lifted the canoe out of the water. Redden leaped out swinging his paddle as he came. Tom received the

first blow on his already bruised shoulder and another on his outstretched arm; that was all. Seizing the paddle after the second blow, he wrenched it from the other's hands and threw it on the sand.

"Step into it," he exclaimed, "you have no reporter's pen to wield now. You've tried to heap ridicule on a fellow whose shoes you ain't good enough to shine and you try to insult his sister. There's only one possible way of teaching you manners, and here's the first lesson." With that he gave Redden a resounding slap across the face.

The newspaper man was no weakling. But mingled emotions of chagrin and indignation at the slap he had received and a wholesome fear of his red-headed, athletic opponent made him lose sight of whatever skill he had hitherto possessed. He fought like an animal at bay. After some minutes of futile swinging in the dark, Kelly's bare feet struck against a sharp rock and he fell to his knees. In a moment his opponent was on him. Together they rolled over and over in the sand. Kelly, however, being in a swimming suit was too slippery to hold and soon was on his feet again. He allowed Redden to arise, then put his six feet of weight and brawn into one last effort. The blow struck the other full on the nose, and the mighty Redden turned and ran.

On reaching the cottage, Virginia was met by Julia Redden who was not a little surprised at the brevity of her trip.

"Why, you were out only a half hour and I thought you were going to see the lake. And how excited you are! Where is Charlie? What can have happened?" she asked nervously.

"Oh Julia, I think he is having a fight down there on the shore. I was so frightened." And she would say nothing further. But the irresponsible Julia said enough. Before the heroic Charlie had brought in his battered self as a testimonial of his valor, his sister had spread a tale among their guests of his having been attacked by some ruffian and of his chivalry in saving Virginia from the rudeness of the same unknown.

When Redden arrived, consequently, there was a sympathetic reception committee awaiting him; but he refused all ministrations and hurried to his room,—saying nothing. Julia thought it was due to his modesty.

After his opponent's disappearance among the shrubbery along the shore, Tom Kelly began to wonder just what he would do. A reaction

had set in and the proceeding affair now seemed trivial, silly, and utterly useless. As far as Virginia was concerned, there appeared to be no real reason for his having raised such a fuss; and yet he felt himself growing hot again at the very thought of Redden's action. Anyhow, the present question was how to get home without passing the Redden cottage which lay between him and Tralee. To proceed along the shore might create talk, and the less of that the better. As for swimming, he winced as he felt his shoulder. But there was no other way, so with a groan of anticipation, he waded into the lake and struck out for home.

The waves were high now and he found it difficult to make headway. Just as he was about to give up and take his chances on the shore, he heard Ted calling to him.

"Climb in Tom, you must be all in. Boy, that was some show,—here get in over the bow." But Tom was too tired. So Ted slipped the anchor rope to him and Tom wound it around his wrist. Then floating behind the canoe, he rested while Ted struggled against the waves toward home.

Kennedy joined them at the pier. A word of explanation and all three slipped quietly to the second story of the cottage where they had rigged up a dormitory. And when Tom had had his wounds of battle dressed, all three went into a council of war.

"Well, the beans are spilled and the fat is in the fire, so to speak," commented Kennedy briskly after all had exchanged views and questions on the fight itself. "Wonder what move he will make now?"

"No move at all for the present, Jack," remarked Ted dryly. "By the way, Tom, get over under that light again. Fine! Not a scratch visible. Let's see you walk." Tom took a few strides. "A slight hitch in your gate; a lilt to port as it were. We'll give you a rub-down before you go to bed and another the first thing in the morning. That ought to take the stiffness out of you. With that evidence removed, I make a motion that we adopt the slogan, 'Mum's the word.' "

Kelly began to laugh.

"Let us in on it, Tom," demanded the others in chorus.

"That's good. Ted's sister is over in the enemy's camp, and the enemy's sister's knight of the roses —"

"Dry up!" shouted Ted, turning a bright crimson. "That's got nothing to do with this situation."

"I'll say it has, and much," retorted Kelly. "I'll bet you a dollar to the most capacious part of a doughnut, there's a committee of one over there, with a punctured nose for his badge, who is making and passing unanimously the same resolution as our own. Wait and see."

The next morning, the three went through their early practice as though nothing had happened. Shortly after they began, Kennedy saw three familiar figures saunter down the road, pause at the field and lean on the fence to watch proceedings.

"Come here, fellows; we've got some spectators. Timmons, McClellan and Merriday of last year's back-field have come out with Redden. Don't look. They're near the road. Let's give them an eyeful. Tom and I will string out, Ted, and we'll run off that double pass all the way down the field. Then when we turn, I'll pass to you, and you get off the prettiest and longest punt you ever kicked in your life."

When the turn was made according to plan, they saw the trio had departed.

Later at Mass, Mrs. Kelly met Virginia and invited her and her friend to lunch. The boys in the meantime had gone home. When the two girls came over to Tralee, Tom inquired after the three who had come out to the field that morning. "They certainly were interested," he remarked, "to sacrifice their precious sleep to watch us in action."

"Oh, they came out late yesterday evening; Charlie left with them for town before the rest of us got up this morning. A journalist's life is so strenuous, don't you know!" The three boys shot a quick glance toward each other. Virginia showed no interest. "Mum" was the word without a doubt.

"You said it, Miss Redden," remarked Kelly reflectively, "a journalist's life is strenuous."

Then unconsciously, he began to rub his shoulder.

(To be continued)

Each solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong.—*Faber.*

Catholic Anecdotes

RETREAT

Out of an old scrap book, I dug up an old story the other day.

Captain Tom Markham had been out of the army only a week or so, when one day he appeared in the sitting room in his brand new suit of "civies", with a new straw hat and a shiny bag. He walked up to his old grandfather who had been a Major in the Civil War, and holding out his hand, said:

"Good-bye, grandpa, I'm off to make a retreat."

"What!" said the old man. "Look here, young fellow, we're all soldiers in this family, and we don't retreat!"

"But, grandpa, this isn't that kind of a retreat. This—"

"There's only one kind of a retreat I know about, and that's to say Kamerad, or lie down, or give up, or run away. That isn't done in our family."

Tom laughed and made haste to explain.

"This is a new kind, grandpa. It's called a retreat, because I go off to some nice quiet place to do some thinking. A Father will be there who will tell me where I come from, and where I'm supposed to be headed for, and where I am headed for, if I don't watch out. He'll show me whether I've made good or not up to this, and help to make me sorry, and make me resolved to head for the right objective. He'll show me the road and the position of the enemy's batteries, and what I've got to do to win out. Then after each talk, I'll sit down and size up myself and the situation, and make a plan for next year. It's the greatest fight of them all, grandpa, for God and the Church! There'll be a lot of other fellows there too, and we'll see if we can't get together and do something to help on the cause a bit: social work, good reading, the Catholic Press, labor, the movies, and all that you know. But of course, we have to see that we win out in our own souls first!"

The old man had listened in silence. Then he looked up and asked:

"And that's what you call a retreat?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"What are you talking about? Retreat! That's not a retreat! That's a campaign! Go ahead, son, and make it. I wish I was coming along."

Now is your chance. This is the season for retreats. Look around for the nearest one and make this campaign.

PROTESTANT AIDS CAUSE OF LOURDES

M. De Freycinet, who died recently at the age of 95, after a long career in which he was several times minister and premier, was a protestant in religion and in politics belonged to a group whose policy was frequently hostile to the Catholic faith. On the occasion of his death it was revealed that this Protestant had played an important part in the revelation to the world at large of the marvels of Lourdes. The revelation itself was made by Henri Lasserre whose book "Notre Dame de Lourdes", published in 100 translations in 26 different languages, was perhaps the most successful and best selling book of the nineteenth century.

It was in 1862 that Henri Lasserre, who had become ill and was on the verge of total blindness, wrote to his intimate friend, M. de Fraycinet. On September 15, 1862, he received the following reply:

"My Dear Friend: Your few lines gave me pleasure, but as I have already told you, I long to see some in your own writing. A few days ago, returning from Cauterets' I passed through Lourdes; I visited the celebrated grotto and I learned marvelous things of the cures produced by its waters, principally in affections of the eyes, and I seriously urge you to try them. If I were a Catholic, a believer like you, and if I were ill I should not hesitate to take this chance. If it be true sick persons have been suddenly cured, you may try to increase their number; and if it is not true, what do you risk by trying? I may add that I have a personal interest in this experiment. If it should succeed, what an important fact for me to record! I should be in the presence of a marvelous event, or of a event, the principal witness of which would be above suspicion."

Shortly after, on a visit to Paris, M. de Fraycinet learned that his friend had not followed his advice. His blind friend needed a secretary! The Protestant promptly took his pen in hand and wrote at

the dictation of Henri Lasserre. On the following day, he urged the sick man, "To say the necessary prayers, go to confession and put his soul in the proper state," for this was a "paramount necessity". Lasserre marvelled at this, but his friend answered, "I am a man of science, and I naturally wish, since we are making an experiment, that we should make it under proper conditions."

A week passed without Lasserre complying with the necessary conditions. Then a little case of Lourdes water arrived. The sick man received it, prayed, humiliated himself, and began to rub his eyes with a towel soaked in the Lourdes water.

"Judge of my amazement," he writes in his book on Lourdes, "I may almost say my terror. I scarcely touched my eyes and forehead with this miraculous water, when I felt myself cured instantly, without transition, with a suddenness which in my imperfect language, I can only compare with that of lightning."

He did not dare to verify his recovery for some minutes; then he ran to his book case to take a book. Changing his mind he took up the notice on Lourdes which had accompanied the water following the request of M. de Freycinet. He read the entire 104 pages of Canon Fourcade's work without difficulty.

In the evening of the same day, he went to confession and the following morning received Holy Communion. Soon afterwards he went to Lourdes on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving and promised to write a history of the Apparitions. This is the book which caused such a sensation and brought the knowledge of the wonders of the Grotto of Massabiele to millions.

"M. de Freycinet, a Protestant," says the Catholic paper of Lourdes, "Le Semeur," "was in the hands of Providence, the instrument which, indirectly, served the cause of Lourdes."

Almost all men have more goodness in them than the ordinary intercourse of the world enables us to discover.—*Faber.*

According to recent figures 23,418 members of the parochial clergy were mobilized in the late war. They won 11,856 citations in orders, and 7,759 were decorated, 667 having received the Legion of Honor and 1,165 the military medal. The Medaille des Epidemies was given to 465 who served as army nurses and 418 received foreign decorations. Still former Minister Painleve made some derogatory statements. Then the priests threatened to sue him for libel. He quickly issued a letter to the papers in which he "craw-fished" out of the trouble.

Pointed Paragraphs

MEET OMAR KHAYYAM

For those who do not know him,—Omar Khayyam was a Persian poet and philosopher who glorified the world of sense to the exclusion of the world of spirit. East, drink and be merry for tomorrow you die; enjoy the present for the future is an uncertain blank, would be fairly accurate summaries of his doctrine.

He did not know any better. Poor Omar!

July introduces the season of vacations and relaxation and frolic and fun; of camping trips and Sunday motor excursions that have to begin ten minutes before the earliest Mass and last throughout the day; of a thousand and one tempting inducements to put aside the rigorous requirements of the soul to satiate the interminable demands of the body. And there are many Catholics,—at least they bear the name—who will put aside principle for the time being, sacrificing what is of inestimable value for their soul to what is of questionable or at best indifferent value for their body.

These Catholics do know better. Poor Catholics!

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

June is over. Salutatorians have invited the world to behold their respective graduating classes in all their intellectual and material finery; and the sight was good to look upon; valedictorians have bid tearful farewells to their respective Alma Maters; orators, eloquent and otherwise, have endeavored to outline ideals, perspectives of “vision” as guiding principles for the graduates’ future achievements.

One state university had thirty-one of its faculty appearing on commencement platforms. We heard one of them.

If the graduates’ knowledge of the problems awaiting them is no deeper than the idea given them in that address, if their “vision” is no more comprehensive than the perspective outlined by the learned speaker then their first encounter with life is going to bring them a quick and possibly rude awakening.

It is a pity that the occasion of Commencement, when minds are receptive as never before to words of advice and practical counsel, is not made an occasion for the review of sound, fundamental and practical principles rather than an occasion for the display of empty platitudes.

June marked the closing of the School of Theory; July the commencement of the School of Experience. And experience tolerates no platitudes.

VACATION SPIRIT

It's in the air. Everything calls to the open. The old grow young again. The boy awakes in every man and the girl in every woman.

But it makes one think.

There is father and mother at home. Often when all get their vacations, they get none. The four walls of home remain the place where they spend their summer as well as their winter. Perhaps they do not mind it. Many do not. And they do not need our pity because they do not really lose much. But perhaps they do not want it, because they never realized what a vacation, a trip away from the city and its noises, mean. There is a responsibility for the grown up sons and daughters.

But the young people may forget their religious duties in the ardor of their search for vacation pleasure. A good word of advice may be a great help to them. Good example especially will serve to steady them. There is a responsibility for parents.

ALL SET AND READY

The other day, one of the daily papers carried a striking cartoon. On a spring-board over a cool lake, an ardent and smiling vocationist was set for a dive. Rising black from the bottom of the lake, but hidden beneath the surface of the tempting water, jutted out a rock. It bore the inscription, The Cost.

The cartoonist referred to the cost in money. But—there are other costs which unfortunately some must tally against themselves

after vacation. Hidden under the surface of its pleasures, companionships, amusements, lurks the ugly rock of sin and ruined virtue.

Will you look carefully before you leap?

THE CALL OF THE OPEN

It is on everyone's lips nowadays. When the school term is over and books are laid aside; when the sun shimmers on lawn and lake and the heat makes the thick blood slow; when the birds sing in the trees and the flowers glisten in the grooves and up from the stream comes the laugh and the shout of boys and girls at play, everybody feels the call to God's open air.

But when school is out, another call goes forth into the world. Invisible, intangible, inaudible to ordinary ears, like the vibrant waves of the radio it is recorded in many hearts that are attuned to it.

It is the call of God: The fields are ripe for the harvest but the laborers are few; the call to service in the priesthood, brotherhood and sisterhood. Many a diocese is just now complaining of a shortage of priests, many a school would be built if there were more sisters and many a sister would not be laid away in an early grave if there were more workers in this glorious field of Catholic Education and Catholic hospital work.

The call of God is gone forth. It is Commencement time. Have you heard the call?

REFRESHMENT

You see them by the wayside everywhere and especially at the summer resort,—the little huts that promise refreshment to the weary traveller on pleasure bent.

There is one who offers refreshment of another but real sort, "Come to me," He says, "all you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

It is Our Lord. He will meet you at that Retreat for men or for ladies. Give your soul a vacation and refreshment.

There are some men whose practical talents are completely swamped by the keeness of their sense of injustice.—*Faber.*

Our Lady's Page

The Archconfraternity

ADVANTAGES OF THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY

1. The members are assured of the constant protection of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.
2. Through this devotion the members are endowed with an influence almost miraculous, for the softening and converting of obstinate sinners.
3. The members share in the public devotions and other good works of the entire archconfraternity.
4. Finally by the express will of the Superior-general of the Redemptorist Fathers, the members have a special share in the fruits and merits of the missions, the pious exercises, the apostolic labors, the prayers, the penances, and all other good works without exception which are performed by the entire congregation of the Redemptorist Fathers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES.

The members of the Archconfraternity may gain plenary indulgence on the day they have their names registered.

In the hour of death. (Brief March 10, 1876.)

On the Sunday preceding the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist (June 24).

On the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (July 3) or on any of the seven days following the feast.

On the 2nd of August, the feast of St. Alphonsus, or on any of the seven days following the feast.

HISTORY OF THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE

History has not handed down to us what artist first conceived the sublime idea, or was so singularly privileged as to portray this favored Madonna; but, judging from the style and manner of the original painting, it must have been executed about the latter part of the fourteenth, or the beginning of the fifteenth century.

We first find the Miraculous Picture about the middle of the fifteenth century, in the possession of a pious merchant who lived on the island of Crete. He was so tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin that his happiest hours were those spent before a little Shrine where he had deposited his precious treasure. The happiness which this devoted servant of Mary enjoyed was not to be of long duration. There were trials in store for him which he did not foresee. While pursuing peacefully his daily avocations, he was suddenly apprised that a number of families were preparing to leave the island, fearing an invasion of the Turks, who were enemies of the Christians. He immediately resolved to accompany the little band of voluntary exiles, and seek a refuge in some distant land; but, before departing, he went to pay a last tribute of love and respect to his dear Madonna, and while engaged in fervent prayer before the little Shrine, he determined to take his precious treasure on the journey he was about to make, lest it be exposed to sacriligious profanations at the hands of the enemy.

This devout client of the Blessed Virgin was soon rewarded for his child-like love and devotion; not, however, before his faith and confidence were put to a severe test. Scarcely had the anchor been weighed, and the last glance of their beloved homes, which they were never to see again, faded from their view, when the clouds began to gather, the sky grew dark, and a terrible storm broke upon the ship, threatening to destroy it. After a most desperate struggle with the fury of the wind and surging waters, the helpless crew sank down exhausted, and abandoned the frail bark to the mercy of the waves, waiting with dreadful anguish the moment which would precipitate them to their watery graves. At this solemn moment the pious merchant, remembering the many favors he had received from the Queen of Heaven, was suddenly inspired to exhibit the Miraculous Picture before his despairing companions, and exhort them with all the persuasive eloquence he could command at such a critical moment to look up from their dark and hopeless surroundings, and implore with confidence her whom the Church so frequently saluted as Star of the Sea. Kneeling down on the deck of the tempest-tossed ship, they joined their hands in fervent prayer before the Sacred Picture. Scarcely had the unfortunate ones raised their entreating eyes toward Mary, when, lo! the storm ceased, the heavens became bright, and the surging waters gave way to a calm and placid sea, and a few days later the ship arrived safely in a port of Italy.

Catholic Events

The Pope's intention of reopening the Vatican Council in 1925 has been officially confirmed. A communication asking for the opinion on the subject has met a favorable response from the Cardinals in Rome and a similar letter concerning the council has been sent to all Bishops throughout the world.

Plans are being carried out for a missionary exhibit at the Vatican in connection with the Council.

* * *

The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has ordered all Bishops of China to prepare for a General Synod in 1924. The Bishops will hold preliminary meetings in the five different ecclesiastical regions of China. Each Bishop will bring two councillors with him, a European and a Chinese. The work has been mapped out, and practical results in all forms of propagating the Faith in China will no doubt follow.

* * *

Msgr. Testa, the Papal Representative who has been charged to report to the Holy Father on conditions in the Ruhr and the Saar, having visited the Papal Nuncio at Munich, Msgr. Pacelli, and President Ebert and other officials at Berlin, will re-visit the Ruhr before returning to Rome to make his report. Although his visit was merely to make a report to the Pope, he was able to exert his influence for the alleviation of much suffering.

* * *

Bishop de Mikas, of Sgombatchely in Hungary made his ad limina visit to Rome in an airplane. The journey occupied about seven hours. No one expressed more interest in the story of the Bishop's flight than Pope Pius XI.

* * *

That the Methodist project of erecting a group of buildings on Monte Mario, to overshadow the Vatican, is erecting a bad taste in Italy, may be seen from a speech of protest given by Deputy Cingolani in the Senate. He said:

"Americans in Italy enjoy the best of hospitality from the Italian people and they render bad service to the cordial relations between the two countries when groups of Methodists treat Italy as a barbaric land needing evangelization with torrents of gold."

* * *

The beatification of Robert Cardinal Bellarmine three hundred years after his death is significant for many reasons. He was the first to popularize the teaching that power is given by God to the people and that they in turn vest it in those whom they choose to govern them, thus leading the way as champion of the commonly accepted principles of self-determination and democracy of our time.

The legal status of the Church has at length at last been definitely settled. The French Government accepted the Vatican's plan. President Millerand discussing the government's action at the Pasteur celebration in Strassburg said:

"Too often unfortunately the government has found before it obstinate adversaries, who by error or bad faith would confuse the interests of their party with those of religion. History has registered the resistance which was encountered by the action of Leo XIII when, with rare loftiness of views, he told the French Catholics that they should rally, without reservation, to the republican institutions. The religious field became a sort of closed field where, for thirty years, a better and sometimes excessive struggle went on. To bring it to an end required nothing less than the upheaval of the war, the sacred communion of all Frenchmen in suffering and in death." Then he referred to Pasteur as an example of real tolerance: "Pasteur, by his example, has shown how the most rigorously scientific mind can be allied with the sincerest religious belief."

* * *

Pope Pius celebrated special Mass for 1,000 Roman Boy Scouts, and in a brief sermon spoke to them with great benevolence, recalling his sympathy with the Boy Scout Movement. His Holiness urged the Boy Scouts to profess their Catholic religion with courage and with the prudent characteristics fostered by their organization.

* * *

The United States Supreme Court has just handed down a very important decision affecting teaching in our schools. It declared directly that State laws prohibiting foreign language instruction in private schools were unconstitutional on the principle that this was interfering with the right of parents to control the education of their children.

This has led many legal authorities to predict that on the same principle the offensive Oregon Law would also be declared unconstitutional.

Thus Stephen V. Carey, a Seattle attorney declares: "This decision, in my opinion, unquestionably establishes the invalidity of the Oregon school law. It will be noticed that the Court holds that the Nebraska law is invalid because it materially and arbitrarily interferes with three natural rights; first, the right of the child to acquire useful knowledge; second, the right of the parent to control the education of the child; and third, the right of the teacher to pursue a useful calling as a means of livelihood. If the Nebraska act is invalid for these three reasons, so likewise is the Oregon Act."

* * *

Father George Froewis, Robert Clark, and Clifford King, all of the Society of the Divine Word of Techny, Illinois, have arrived in Singyangchow and officially taken over, from the Milan Foreign Mission Society, the southeastern section of the Province of Honan, thus establishing a new and separate mission.

* * *

Catholic priests played a prominent part in the conference on the development of moral and religious training in the army, held under the auspices of the War Department early in June. General Pershing,

addressing the conference said: "Religion contains the secret of and the impetus toward clean living. Therefore a steady effort is being made to put the hearts of men in right relation with God."

And Secretary of War Weeks declared: "Nothing will hold mankind together or be as much benefit to men of all nations as religion. We wish to instil true religion into the hearts of our young men. I am confident that this conference will assist us to improve our influence."

* * *

In a recent examination held in Madras, India, for government scholarships, which was open to the students of Catholic, non-Catholic, government and private schools, every scholarship was won by the Catholic scholars. It is hoped the victory of the Catholic schools will have some influence in bringing about a more just appropriation of the funds allotted for education. Hitherto, all that the Catholic schools have received from the government is praise. But praise does not go far in purchasing books and equipment.

* * *

A wave of educational building is passing over the country. In Detroit, the corner-stone has been laid for the new Sacred Heart Seminary which is to cost \$4,000,000. In Hays, Kansas, the Capuchin Fathers will have charge of the new \$1,000,000 college to be erected there. In Cincinnati, a committee of leading citizens has undertaken a campaign to raise \$177,000 to build a new St. Rita school for the deaf. In Providence, R. I., the \$1,000,000 drive for Catholic High schools in the diocese was over-subscribed \$200,000, and all reports are not in. In Grand Rapids, Mich., Bishop Kelly recently dedicated the new million-dollar college of the Dominican Sisters. A few more waves of this kind, and the waves of crime and bigotry will be forced to subside.

* * *

Building is not limited to schools, however. On Decoration Day, the magnificent new church of the Redemptorist Fathers in Detroit was dedicated by Bishop Gallagher.

* * *

An interesting ceremony took place in St. Monica's Church, Chicago, Ill., recently when 64 adult colored converts were baptized; the result of the missionary labors of Father Joseph Eckert, S. V. D.

* * *

The Catholic Hospital Association held the second convention of the series to be held during the summer at Spring Bank, Wisconsin. Over 125 Sisters from all parts of Canada and the United States were present. On July 10, there will be a convention of specialists, supervisors of operating rooms, X-ray technicians and the like.

* * *

Catholic Conventions for August are as follows: Aug. 7-10, Knights of Columbus at Montreal; Aug. 9-12, Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Notre Dame, Ind.; Aug. 19-22, National Catholic Central Society at Milwaukee; Sept. 9-14 there will be a gathering of the National Conference of Catholic Charities at Philadelphia.

THE Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

We have daylight-saving time in Chicago and hence when it is one o'clock by our clocks, it is really only twelve o'clock standard time. Would it be allowed to follow the standard time before going to Holy Communion and eat something after twelve o'clock daylight-saving time until one o'clock, but go to communion at masses, that are said at daylight saving time?

Yes. The law of the Church permits you to follow daylight saving time, if it has been adopted in your city, or standard time or any other time, that is recognized in the place, where you are staying.

It makes no difference, whether the hours for the masses follow daylight saving time or standard time; to avoid confusion, the time for the public services of the Church usually is made to agree with the time adopted for public affairs.

Would you kindly explain, what the life of a strictly cloistered sister is like?

The life of a cloistered sister is one of prayer and sacrifice. Hence their rule is austere, in which bodily mortification takes an important place and all contact with the world is avoided. No one is admitted within the precincts of their convents without absolute necessity and the sisters not allowed to speak with outsiders, even with their own relatives, only after they have received permission from their superiors and then only at certain times and in the parlor through a grating. The time not spent in prayer and the necessary recreation is employed in manual labor. The fruits of this labor are one of the sources of revenue for the convent. As a rule the strictly cloistered sisters daily recite the Divine Office and spend several hours of the day in mental prayer and spiritual reading. Silence is observed throughout the day except at the time of recreation after dinner and sometimes after supper; during their meals one of the sisters reads aloud out of a spiritual book.

To some in our day of ceaseless activity the life of these contemplative sisters seems to be useless and wasted, but in reality by their prayers and austeries, they draw down the blessings of God upon both the Church and state, and thus perhaps accomplish more for the salvation of souls, than the actual workers, whom God has chosen as instruments for distributing his bounty. It is true, their life from the view-point of the world has nothing to recommend itself, but the sisters are by far more happy than worldlings in their choice of life and they have no regrets for the world, which they freely have abandoned.

Is there a Carmelite convent in St. Louis? If not, where are their convents located in the United States? Could you tell me something about the Carmelite Order, or where could I obtain a book, that would give me this information?

Yes. There is a convent of Carmelites on Eighteenth and Victor Streets in St. Louis. Besides this convent, they also have fourteen other establishments in the United States; the professed sisters numbering 106 and the novices 15, according to the figures of the Catholic Directory of 1923. The Carmelites are an order of strictly cloistered sisters and the answer to the previous question will give a general idea of their way of life. A book, giving the history of the Carmelites in America was published in 1890 on the occasion of the centenary of the establishment of the order in this country. The book is entitled: "Carmel in America" and was published by the John Murphy Company of Baltimore, but is most likely out of print now; a copy perhaps could be obtained from a Catholic library or from one of the convents of the sisters.

Does the blessing remain in holy water if one adds other water to it?

Yes, provided that the quantity added at any one time is less than the quantity of the holy water.

Some Good Books

Saint Gabriel, Passionist. By Father Camillus, C. P. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50 cents.

Cardinal O'Connell, in the Preface of this book makes some very pertinent remarks in regard to the lives of the Saints. I think it worth while quoting his words because, it will show you what a human story this is.

"It is not necessary, indeed it is futile, to weave romance and false glamor about God's heroes. The romance is there already in all its stark glory if only we do not attempt to deck it out in tawdry tinsel and paper flowers.

"Let the simplicity of greatness alone; let it shine by its own heavenly brightness. Let real actions speak for themselves; otherwise we shall hear not the voice of God, but the buzz of the phonograph—always at best a poor reproduction of a great original.

"It seems to me that all this is becoming better understood of late and soon, let us hope, we shall have more of the Lives of Saints, breathing the beauty of absolute simplicity and unvarnished truth.

"Along these lines comes the 'Life of St. Gabriel, Passionist,' the youth of only yesterday, who today is venerated as a saint."

Aren't you eager now to read about this youth of yesterday? Buy the book, parents, for that boy who just graduated and also for the girl just past through her Commencement.

Whoopee! By Neil Boyton, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.25.

Father Finn's work of giving us a Catholic literature for boys, is being carried on in splendid fashion by several of his fellow Jesuits. There is Father Spalding, Father Gross, and Mr. Holland whose book we reviewed last month and Mr. Boyton. Mr. Boy-

ton has already given us a rousing story for boys in his "Cobra Island."

Once more his pen has been busy and we have "Whoopee!", a story of a Catholic Boys' Camp. There is all the verve and breeziness and raciness of vacation in this story and a galaxy of boys whose company will prove attractive and interesting to any normal boy. Of course, Wish Craig stands out—the story is chiefly about him—the hero without halo or hairbreath escape or encounter with bandits. Not a pistol shot is fired during the whole story—except a harmless one, to start a race.

These are boys, with emphasis! Make their acquaintance for your pleasure and profit. Does the author preach in it? Not one bit. He isn't there at all—you see only the lads.

Ever Timely Thoughts: Cheerful Considerations on Facts of Enduring Worth. By Edward F. Garesché, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

That sub-title is very attractive in a way: Cheerful considerations. That is really the characteristic of these essays. They are about things that touch us all, and things that worry or hurt us at times. For instance, "The Will of God," "God's Great Experiment," "God's Silence." How often have we not stumbled on these mysteries in our life! Then there are "Our Dearest Enemies," "Picking at People," "Curing Our Bad Habits," "The Vocation of Mothers,"—things that enter into the making of our character. And who has not often stopped to look at himself and wonder, could not his character be improved?

Here is a cheerful book indeed, and a most useful one. For a few minutes reading during vacation days, especially, I could hardly suggest anything better. The shortness of the essays lends itself so well to this purpose.

Lucid Intervals

Mrs. Minges played the harp and sang a solo, but owing to a cold she sang but one song. Evangelist Minges took for his text the words: "Let her alone; she hath done what she could."

He—I assure you from my wide experience of men that they have absolutely no curiosity.

She—I always suspected that brother Adam ate that apple because he was hungry.

I rose and gave the girl my seat
I could not let her stand—
She made me think of mother, with
The strap held in her hand.

Suspicious Mistress—Jessie, didn't I hear you talking with somebody?

Cook—Yassum, reckon so.

Mistress—Haven't I told you repeatedly, Jessie, that you must never have any of your gentlemen friends call here?

Cook—Hee, hee, missus. How he will laff when he hears at! Lor' bles you, dat wasn't no gemmun frien'. Dat was jus' mah wuffless, no-count husban'.

"Anything else?" inquired the druggist, after filling a prescription.

"If this is the real stuff," replied the customer, "you might as well let me have a package of headache powders."

Two hunters in the North Carolina woods had chased a wildcat to a clearing and were terrified to see the beast jump into the window of a cabin from which the sound of a woman's voice had just been heard. On the porch, rocking comfortably and apparently unperturbed, sat Friend Husband.

"For heaven's sake, is your wife in there?" screamed one of the hunters.

"Yeah."

"Good Lord, man, get busy! A wildcat just jumped in the window!"

"Yeah? Well, let him get out the best way he can. I got no use for the pesky critters and danged if I'm goin' to help him."

An "Impressionist" Painter, now resident in a lunatic asylum, says to all his visitors: "Look here, this is my latest masterpiece." They look, and seeing only on expanse of bare canvas, they ask: "What does that represent?"

"That represents the passage of the Children of Israel through the Red Sea."

"But where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Children of Israel?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"They will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive and unpretentious."

Who's the swell guy you was just talkin' to?" asked Tony the bootblack.

"Aw, him and me's worked together for years," answered Mickey the newsboy. "He's the editor of one of me papers."

Poet—I put my whole mind into this poem.

Editor—Evidently. I see it's blank verse.

Jimmy Meloney, the minor-league baseball manager, received a letter from a young player which gave an excellent, unabridged account of his ability to make good in any league. Also he declared he could hit .300 against Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson—the higher they come the harder he could hit. It so happened that Jimmy was very much in need of an infielder, but the young man had neglected to say whether he was a pitcher, catcher, infielder or outfielder.

Meloney answered the letter and inquired what position the prospective phenom played.

A reply quickly followed, inclosing a snapshot of a ball player, crouched, awaiting a grounder.

"You can see from the inclosed photograph," wrote the young man, "that I play in a stooping position with one hand on each knee."